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Judge

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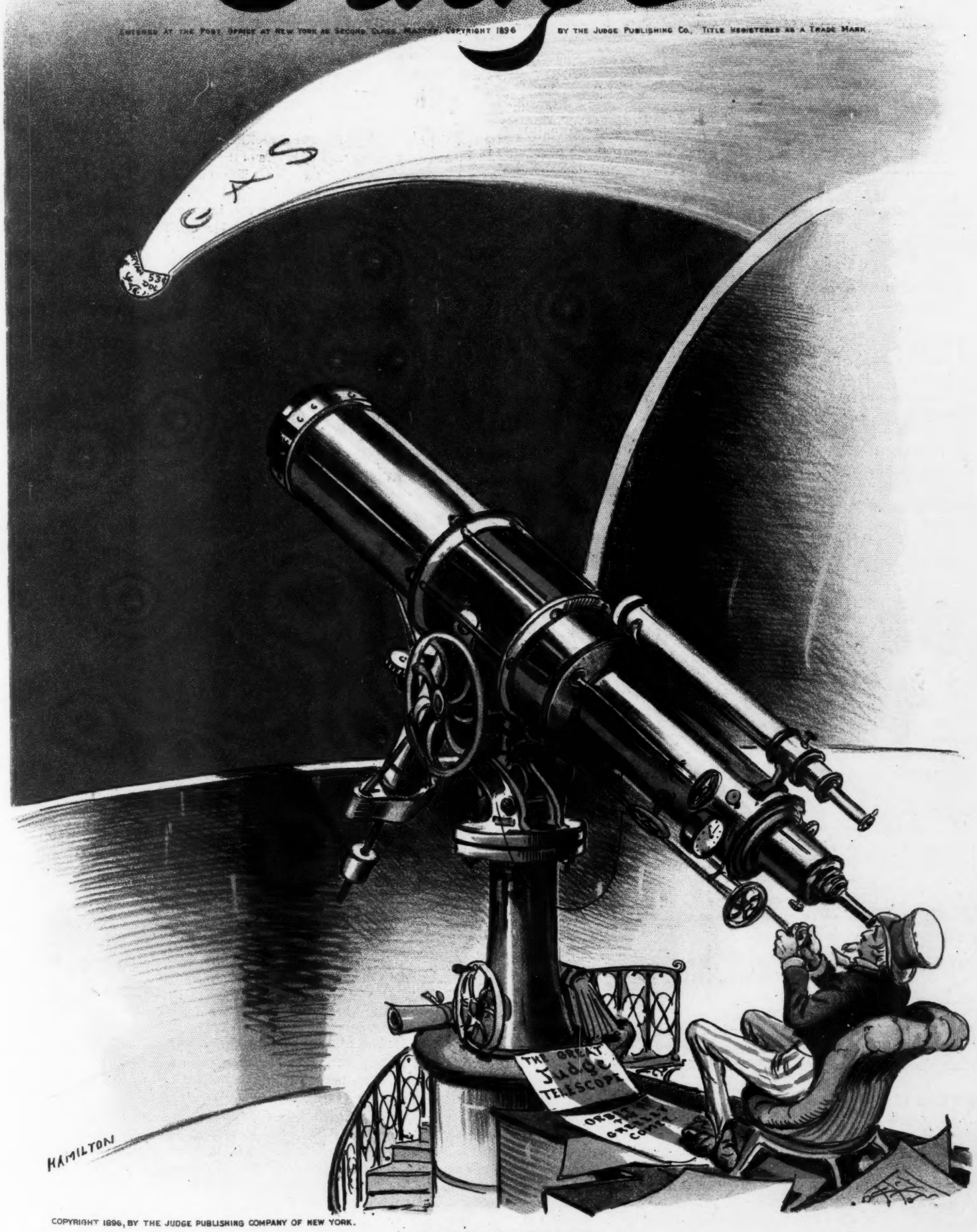

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ONLY A COMET.

UNCLE SAM—"It will soon be out of sight."

Judge

W. J. ARKELL. BERNHARD GILLAM
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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MOST WOMEN like best the woman's club that has only one woman in it.

* * *

THE POWERS proclaim peace twice a day now, and the sultan joyfully celebrates the declaration by killing more Christians.

* * *

THE ENGLISH LAW that drives prisoners to insanity is a greater crime than any of which the prisoners have been guilty.

* * *

IF IT IS TRUE, as alleged, that the five wicked sisters are not wicked, then the confiding public are both shocked and indignant.

* * *

THE COUSINING of the czar by the kaiser exhibited an affection as pronounced as the more recent cozening of the kaiser by the czar.

* * *

WE BELIEVE the story that the kaiser recently shot the biggest buck in the world, because he necessarily does that sort of thing every time he shoots.

* * *

WE BEG to congratulate Mr. Bryan on the report that he is out of his head, though the truth probably is that he has merely abandoned his base.

* * *

MR. SEWALL is so bitter against capitalists that he feels like crawling into his letter of acceptance to hide himself from the fright the document caused him.

* * *

"I WOULD rather lay my head on the block," is a favorite expression of Populist Watson; and we must say that it is a head peculiarly adapted to that business.

* * *

MR. WATSON snarls with such persistency and vigor that he reminds one of that noble beast the hyena. There was never a canvass in which a candidate succeeded so well with his teeth.

* * *

THERE IS a young woman who can utter only the word "nit." Let us comfort her. Let it be known to her that there are seven million persons in this country who are equally afflicted whenever they want to be funny. And she is better off than they because she isn't an idiot.

* * *

THE CZAR suffered in Paris from a surfeit of food. Thus history fails to repeat itself. When the first Napoleon visited Moscow he suffered from the lack of it, and a large part of his army perished from the frost of Russian weather and inhospitality. The whirligig of time makes things uneven.

HIS ONLY WISH.

PARSON GOODMAN—"Is there anything you would like to do before you die, Brother Jones?"

BROTHER JONES—"Yes, parson; I *would* like ter go an' sit in th' parlor fer one night before I die. I've got ten daughters, yer know, an' I hain't hed a chance at thet parlor, nights, fer over twenty years."

POWER OF THE LUNATICS.

IF MR. BRYAN had tried to speak from the steps of the capitol he would have met the fate of his brother Coxey. The proposition to do so was as characteristic of his party as it was of Carl Browne and Coxey's other lieutenants. But is it not amazing, not to say alarming, that all these cranks are not laughed out of the various campaigns in which they appear?

CLUB IT TO DEATH.

THE SILVER BUSINESS has a good deal of surreptitious support. One doesn't want to proclaim himself a repudiator or a traitor to country or common honesty if he contemplates that meanness, and a ballot to that end answers the same purpose as if he talked. The way to kill the scoundrelism is to fear it. Let every honest man take a whack at it on election-day.

KILLING FOR LIBERTY.

MR. TILLMAN remarks that if McKinley is defeated "the Democratic party will take the rascally judges of the federal supreme court by the throat and teach them that there is yet liberty in this land." In that case liberty will not be a desirable privilege so far as the gentlemen who are being choked are concerned, whatever may become of the rest of us. Indeed, one is reminded of the remark of one Madame Roland, "Oh, liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name."

STAGE AND PLATFORM.

FIVE SISTERS who sing and kick for a living are advertised by the column for nothing because they are notoriously wicked. It is well enough for Mr. Bryan to be equally noticed because he is notoriously wrong; but we must insist that the women of the stage shall not adopt this very profitable though not altogether new advertising method. And indeed they might find some startling newness in the assumption that they are notoriously good.

MARRIAGE OF A FEW SOULS.

A COUPLE were recently married by the materialized spirit of an extinct clergyman, the lady of the occasion, who had long been dead, having been materialized, herself, for that purpose. There is some pretty sentiment here, but for the most part the ceremony was ridiculous. It reminds one of the union between Bryan and Watson and Bryan and Sewall, though it is impossible to say with certainty which of the vice-presidential candidates has killed the other and therefore which is most dead.

THE RABBIT CANDIDATE.

MR. BRYAN carries his rabbit-feet and believes serenely, though they can't vote, that he is going to be elected. He is so convinced of the luck of the rabbit-feet that he chides his managers for their practical efforts to help him. It is really a discovery. Washington and his successors, we feel sure, never thought of it; and if their opponents had done so our history might have been very different. Again, if King George had carried rabbit-feet this country might never have had a president at all.

GREAT RELIGIOUS ZEAL.

BREATHITT COUNTY, Kentucky, is overrun with mormons, three thousand of whom have settled there and are proselyting with some success. It is an intense Methodist community, and all the protestant churches are united in an effort to drive the mormons out. There has been one fight and there will be more, with numerous deaths. Yet Breathitt is a moonshine district, is the home of the notorious Hatfields and McCoys, who have been killing each other from generation to generation, and in one of her towns one hundred persons have been killed on the public square within fifteen years. Religious wars are invariably fierce. "Ef them mormins run agin our religion," it was recently remarked at a Breathitt prayer-meeting, "we'll shoot the blank-blank heretickses into a hotter world."

PASTE.

SHE—"They say Maud is 'dead stuck' on that Mr. Dudley, on account of those diamonds he gave her."
HE (*jealously*)—"Yes; reminds me of how the poster got stuck on the bill-board."

A BAD NIGHT.

IF THERE is one thing more than any other that jars upon my nerves when I am trying to gain the favor of Morpheus, it is to hear a door grating uneasily on its latch. I don't mind the noise; a window could rattle all night without in the least disturbing my slumbers; it is the indecisiveness and suspense, in the case of the door, that bothers me. I like to think that it is either open or shut, and it annoys me exceedingly to feel that it is thus in limbo.

I had a miserable time night before last. There is a door in my room that has the unpleasant habit of not latching securely. Now, I can't afford to pay ten dollars a week for the luxury of rooming alone, so I have that necessary evil, a room-mate. Flipkins (that is his name) is in many ways a mitigated evil, but he is very careless in his habits, and is no end of annoyance to me on that account.

Well, the night I am speaking about he went to a party and did not return until I had been asleep some time. He undressed quietly (for him) and did not awake me until he tumbled over a chair in finding the way to his bed after turning off the gas. Even then I didn't fully wake, and was just dropping off again when I heard a smothered click. "Flipkins," I whispered, "I say, Flipkins," in a louder tone, "you didn't shut that door tight." But he was asleep.

I knew that if I got up I should awake myself so thoroughly that I shouldn't be able to get asleep again for a long time. Besides, I don't like to yield to nervousness. So I lay still and tried to forget the noise. But there was a high wind, the house was draughty, and the door kept grating and pounding so that sleep was long impossible. After an hour or so of torture I dropped into a troubled slumber which lasted for a few moments, and then a particularly strong gust of wind put an extra touch to the racket and I awoke. For the rest of the night I enjoyed a sandwich of disturbed sleep and angry wakefulness, never getting up quite enough energy to rise and shut the door.

About seven o'clock I dreamed that a burglar was standing over me and pointing a revolver at my defenseless head. I heard the click of the weapon as he cocked it. I awoke with a shriek, and the only burglar visible was Flipkins, who was putting on his trousers.

"Flipkins," I yelled, "why on earth can't you learn to latch that door when you come in? It has been swinging in a sort of middle state all night, and I couldn't sleep at all."

"The deuce you say!" replied Flipkins. "I locked it when I came in."

And, sure enough, he had.

Now, when I hear a door swinging and banging at night I get up and investigate.

KENT KNOWLTON.

A SUFFERER.

MRS. GOODEWYFE—"Here, my poor famished man; here is a nice meat sandwich and a piece of pie."

LAZY FRITTERS—"Madam, haven't you got it in capsule form? I am actually too tired to chew it."

A TROPICAL BUNCO.

NATIVE—"I'll fix that snake all right." (*Whack.*)

!—!!—!!!

SATISFIED TIGER—"It's a great scheme I work these days—if my tail will only stand the strain."

Photo. by Elmer Chickering.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

DELIA STACEY.

A portrait.

Fancy a maiden, modern, truly—
Up-to-date, yet not unduly;
Winsome, both in word and act;
Fair to look upon—in fact,
Think of all that's airy, grace-y,
And there you have her—Delia Stacey.

HE DIDN'T LIKE THE PROSPECT.

"WHAT'S that thing?" asked Davie.

He had come down to visit for a few days at his aunt Ellen's and was taking a look over the premises.

"That," replied his aunt, "is a folding-bed. You are to sleep in it to-night."

The boy appeared to be a bit startled, but said nothing more. An hour later, however, he appeared with his little grip and umbrella.

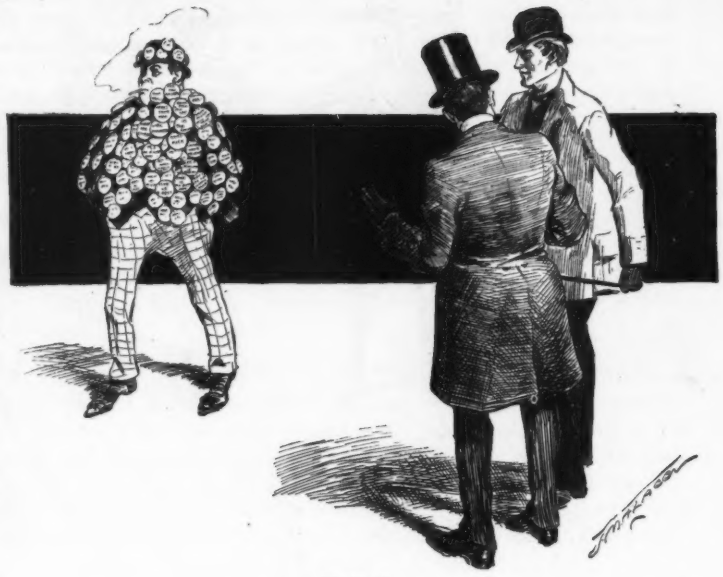
"I've got t' go home," he announced briefly.

"Why, Davie, you came only this morning."

"I know it, but, y' see, I don't b'lieve I could stand bein' folded up an' put t' sleep in that big bureau, an'—an'—'sides, I've got t' tell Billy Bludkins somethin' I forgot."

But Aunt Ellen made up the bed and he was finally prevailed upon to remain, though he said the following morning that he had dreamed all night of being a clean shirt in the bottom bureau drawer at home.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.



FATAL.

THE COUNT—"Ha! he has been out in ze rain and ze moshroom have sprong up, is it not? Or it is a deesease, eh?"

JACK BONTOWN—"Yes, that's it—buttonitis!"

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

IT WAS sixteen minutes to one a. m. The drug-store clerk had just fallen asleep when the night-bell rang with a loud noise. Rubbing his eyes sleepily, the tired clerk staggered to the street door.

"Lemme in!" said a bass voice outside.

"What do you want?" asked the sleepy clerk.

"Lemme in and I'll tell ye," replied the voice outside.

The drug-clerk opened the door. A little man with a wart on his red nose and his hat on the back of his head rushed in like a breeze from the Hackensack meadows.

"Turn up the gas, quick!" said the visitor.

The sleepy clerk was wide awake now, and turned on the gas.

"I want to see your city directory?" said the visitor.

"What!" gasped the clerk.

"Yes, I want to see your city directory. I've been out to a Bryan-and-Sewall meeting and have forgotten the number of my house. My name's Smith, John Smith, and I live somewhere on Third avenue, but I've forgotten my number."

"My good man!" exclaimed the drug-clerk in utter despair, "do you know there are two hundred and ninety-seven John Smiths in the city directory?"

"Good; two hundred and ninety-seven. First rattle out of the box. That's my number—two hundred and ninety-seven! Thanks." And the little man with the warty nose darted out into the night.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

FOOT-BALL NOTE.

ISAAC COHEN—"Full back."

AN ARDENT BELIEVER.

Miss Perkasie—"Do you believe in co-education, Mr. Tommey?"

Mr. Tommey—"Indeed I do, Miss Perkasie. I shall never rest until I am allowed to take a post-graduate course at Vassar."

TOO LATE!

CLERK—"Any one waiting on you, miss?"

MISS HAYSEED—"Yes, I thank ye; Si Cloverdale has been waitin' on me this two year."

JUDGE'S ARTIFICIAL MOUNTAIN FOR OFFICE USE.

Our sporting artist, being compelled recently to make the JUDGE office his headquarters, and unable to forego his old custom of climbing the mountain-side for game, has devised a scheme by which he may take his regular daily exercise.

THE GHOSTS OF HALLOWEEN.

THE moon is like a dead man's eye, and round it drift the clouds,
All stained and streaked and dappled dark, like heaps of mouldy shrouds.
A little lower to the sod the mossy head-stones lean,
For all the graves give up their dead the night of Halloween.
The doves are moaning in their sleep within the belfry tower;
The aster in the walk has lost its last forsaken flower;
And two by two they lightly pass like shadows on the green,
With steps that leave no prints behind—the ghosts of Halloween.

They circle in a phantom dance and waver to and fro,
And eddy in the chilly gust like wreaths of windy snow;
But some must find their places filled and strangers there, I ween,
Or weeds upon the broken sill, the night of Halloween.
Their feet are in the fallen leaves, their sighs are in the air;
They pull the muslin curtain by and climb the creaking stair,
With scent of musty lavender, the dusk and dawn between.
Take off the gates and let them through—the ghosts of Halloween.

MINNA IRVING.

AT GETTYSBURG.

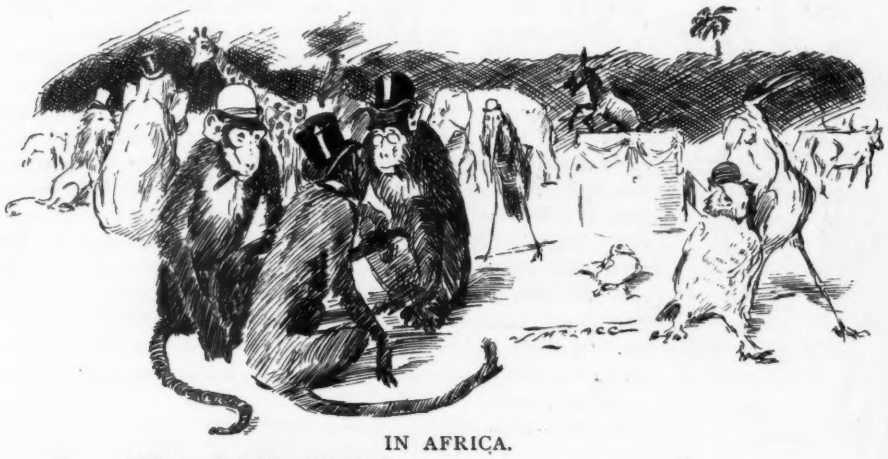
"WHAT a noble hero he must have been!" exclaimed the young lady from the boarding-school. "I shall ask him about his deeds of valor."

She did ask him, and she found he had gone through the battle not once only, but many times. He was one of the guides.

NOTHING DIFFICULT ABOUT THAT.

FIRST LAWYER—"Is it a difficult case?"

SECOND LAWYER—"No; dead easy. All we have to do is to convince the jury that black is white."



IN AFRICA.

"Funny thing about Brayin."
"What's that?"
"Doesn't know he wasn't elected; can't hear anything but his own voice."

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

ONE phase of the soul's practicality is that manifest in the passion for veracity.

It is such a blessing to be born without an exaggeration of the critical faculty—a blessing, I mean, for those about one.

A person may eat a man's dinner without sharing his political opinions, religious convictions, or general biases; and after he has eaten it he may praise it without committing himself on the score of his host's proclivities.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

WHEN DREAMS MAY COME.

Patient—"Doctor, I dreamed something terrible last night. I saw my dead father."

Doctor—"What did you eat for supper?"

Patient—"A mince-pie, doctor."

Doctor—"My friend, if you eat two mince-pies to-night you will see your grandfather."

THERE ARE SEVERAL AT LARGE.

"AREN'T you late in getting home from Sunday-school, Bobby?"

"Well, I guess! There was a man there who made an all-day speech, and I thought we would never get out."

"Who was he?"

"Aw, I forget his name; but he was an escaped missionary."

HOW SHE MANAGES IT.

HER ringlets will remain unharmed
Despite the damp sea air,
Because the fear that they'll be straight
Will quickly curl her hair.

HAD BEEN NO CHANGE.

Mr. Digby—"Hello, my little man! What's your name?"

Little boy—"Tommy."

Mr. Digby—"But what's your last name?"

Tommy—"Don't know. It's Tommy *now*."

EMBARRASSING.

PROFESSOR GINSLING (*the eminent Arctic explorer*)—"And now, my little man, why are you surveying me so attentively? Come, now; out with it!"

LAWRENCE (*frankly*)—"I was wonderin' how you managed ter git yer nose so sunburnt up in th' polar regions, where th' sun don't shine much, sir."

A NEW SONG.

NLY one girl in the world for me,"
Sang a maiden ripe and old.
What does the brute want—two or three,
Or a string, like the horsemen bold?
"There's only one man in the world for me"
I'm thinking that song should say.
"I'll make it my work to watch and see
That the man doesn't get away."

HANDICAPPED AT THE START.

"HAVE you had any fun this vacation, Davie?" asked the teacher.

"Not much. You see, we had a baby at our house 'fore we could get the fun started."

THE INFLUENCE OF ART.

FOR his seven prudent virgins he employed a single model,
But, having finished those,
When he tried his best to press her into service for the others
She refused point-blank to pose.

A REMINDER.

FARMER SMITH—"Jes' got a letter frum Hiram at Yale. Says he gits terrible homesick at times."

MRS. SMITH—"Poor boy!"

FARMER SMITH—"Ya-as. Says every time he goes by th' ol' pump on th' green it reminds him uv milkin -time at home."

A BAD CASE.

FLYNAGAN—"Oi see th' docther goin' t' yer house, Mrs. Murphy."

MRS. MURPHY—"Yis; Murphy is bad off. Th' docther sez he has th' daylariums wid trimmin's."

HOW THE CITY IMPRESSED HER.

AS WE came flying through the "red-brush" country of eastern Kentucky not long ago, on a Chesapeake and Ohio train, the conductor became chatty and talked about the peculiar people who lived in that section.

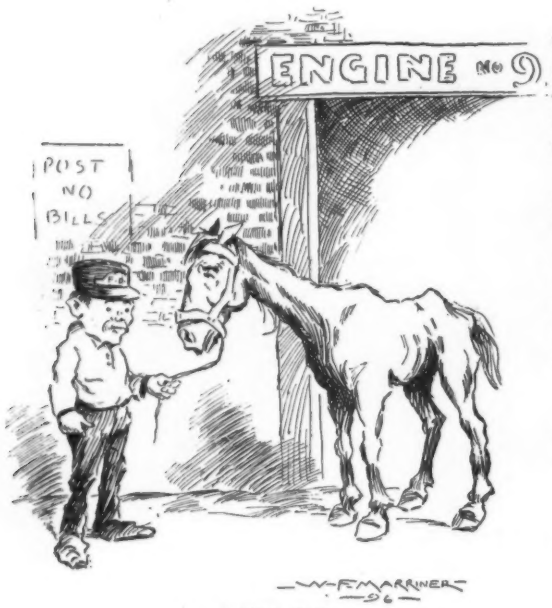
"Mighty queer lot some of them are," he said, "when they first come out of their shells and go up against the big outside world with all its modern conveniences. One of the funniest things happened not long ago. A nice old woman from the back row went down on my train to visit some relative or other of hers who was living in Louisville. The old lady was nervous, and confided to me that she had never been away from home before and had no idea what a city was like. She also asked my advice on various points, all of which I was glad to give her, and she seemed greatly encouraged by what I told her. Of course, when she left my train I supposed I never would see her again; but within a week I met her going home. She was right glad to see me, and when I had a few minutes' leisure I sat down with her to ask her about the kind of time she had had and what she thought of the great city.

"'I never did have sich a nice time,' she said with as much enthusiasm as the genuine native ever shows, 'an' I ruther like the city fer some things; but ther's one thing I noticed as kinder odd.'

"'And what was that?' I asked, thinking I was going to get something in the moralizing line.

"'Well,' she said deprecatingly, 'they allus seemed to be behind with ther haulin', an' kep' ther teams runnin' 'most all night every night.'"

W. J. LAMPTON.



A FIRE PLUG.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

HER life was fettered with a golden band
To falsehood; and they said she could not know.
Could she have broken it to lift her hand
She would have scorned it, for she loved him so.

ONCE MORE FROM THE SHELF; OR, SURE OF A WELCOME.

COMEDIAN—"Oh, but you must come down, you know. I need you in my new comic opera."

OLD JOKE—"Really, I'd rather not. I'm much too old, and I've been in every comic opera since the flood. I'm very often recognized, and I hate publicity."

COMEDIAN—"Never mind, old boy. I'll trim your whiskers and give you a new pair of goloshes; and, besides, it's for a New York audience."

OLD JOKE—"Oh, that's different. Help me down."

ON THE GOLF-LINKS.

MISS OLDGIRL'S FIRST ATTEMPT WITH THE STICKS.

1.

NOT TO BE DECLINED.

"GOOD news, my dear; good news!" cried the minister, bursting into the parlor and clasping his wife in his arms. "I have had a call and shall resign my pastorate to-morrow."

"Oh, George, dear! what is it? Don't keep me in suspense. Are you called to a Fifth-avenue church?"

"Better than that, my dear; better than that. I am to have charge of the gospel department in Markdown & Spotcashe's big store. The gospel department is on the avenue side of the building, between the refectory and the milliner-shop, and directly opposite the bicycle department. The remnant-counter, Keeley-cure, and free continuous vaudeville are also on the same floor. There is not another such location in the city."

2.

RELATIVE VALUE.

Cumso—"All value is relative, and"——

Cawker (interrupting)—"And I suppose the nearer the relative is the greater is the value."

Cumso—"I am afraid I do not follow you."

Cawker—"I was merely thinking of the tendency among some young men to court girls for their pa value."

THE SILK-LEAVED ASTER.

DID Summer, when her parting hours had come,
Chain here beside the sumac's reddening lower
The spirit of a fallen star, lest she
Forget this perfumed and song-favored bower?

Or did the sweet autumn mourn her fading skies
In the white radiance of the midnight hour,
And whisper to some errant gust of wind
A shy regret that turned into a flower?

JOHN DAHL WHITE.

A WOMAN'S will is a will-o'-the-wisp.

A NECESSARY ADJUNCT.

WEARY MYLES—"Wot a shame we've gotter go inter town lookin' so sunburnt, pard!"

FAKING FARRAGUT—"Hol' on dere, Mylesy! How do yer suppose we're goin' ter work de 'Cuban refugee fake' widout de Cuban cumplexshun? Is yer common sense leavin' yer, pard?"

3.

OCTOBER SHOWER.

ALL summer long above the way
Like swelling clouds the dark trees hovered;
Sunbeams, that sought the earth to play,
Their tangled branches coyly covered.

And now, while trembling nature grieves
'Neath coming winter's chilling powers,
Those clouds have broken, and bright leaves
Fall to the earth in golden showers;

And up and down the wooded lane
The winds, that roved a while for pleasure,
As though with human lust for gain,
Now gather up the gleaming treasure.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

SO HE WOULD BE GLAD TO GO.

MISS OLETIMER—"And what is your principal reason for wanting to marry me, Mr. Keggleheimer?"

MR. KEGGLEHEIMER—"Vell, I pelong to a suicide glub unt it's my next turn."

4.

KNEW WHAT SHE GOT.

"I HAVEN'T read 'Moses of an Old Man's,'" said the pretty young girl to the librarian as she skimmed over the catalogue, "but I'll take 'The Wooing O. T.' ('Wooing O't'), because I am from Oklahoma myself."

NEVER GET PUNCTURED.

"YES," said one of the tramps to the farmer, "Dusty an' me just came in on our wheels."

"What kind of wheels do you use?"

"Car-wheels."

TH' toothache 's very plisant whin yez hoven't it.

5.

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THE CAMPAIG

"The price of wheat is going up every day, while the price of silver is d

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

MPAIGN LIAR.

f silver is decreasing, contrary to Mr. Bryan's arguments."—*Daily paper.*

"A GREAT ANIMAL PAINTER."

MIXED THOSE CORPSES UP.

AN OLD man who had buried a fourth wife, and dutifully erected a head-stone over each, determined, when it was decided to move the cemetery, that for economical reasons he would move his wives himself, and in so doing, in some incredible way, got them slightly mixed; and in his honest simple-mindedness the stones which had formerly served would not do, so he caused to be erected in the centre of the new lot one very imposing stone, on which was inscribed this touching verse:

"Stranger, pause and shed a tear,
Emily Church lies buried here,
Mingled in some mysterious manner
With Mary, Matilda, and probably Hanner."

A NEW DEFINITION.

Bobby—"Clara, what is the rule-of-three?"
Clara (his big sister)—"Three is a crowd."

JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

FIRST UNDERTAKER—"How's business with you?"
SECOND UNDERTAKER—"Dead."

A WAR MEMORY.

JOHN SMITHERTON, though
very thin,
At fighting yet was stout.
At soldiering they broke him in
When the civil war broke out.

One vision lured his youthful hopes—
A sailor man to shine.
Alas! they made this man of ropes
A soldier of the line.

They asked him why he volunteered,
But John he slyly laughed
And said, with such a cough he feared
To stay out in a draft.

So calmly 'neath the war-cloud black
He heard the foemen's yells,
Who, finding a hard nut to crack,
Just threw at him the shells.

He counted social fêtes as naught,
Nor heeded fashion's call;
But just to test their charm he thought
That he'd take in a ball.

"Oh, for a cot," he oft had sung.
"In some vast wilderness!"
And so he got a cot among
Some thousands in distress.

Though then cut down one foot about
They said he was enlarged;
That is, the doctors fired him out
What time he was discharged.

Thereafter he grew fat and strong,
As well deserved the brave;
But people said, "He can't live long
With one foot in the grave."

But live he did, an artist rare
As ever you might see,
And drew what kept him fat and fair,
His pension quarterly.

His standing joke is earnest praise
Upon his foemen put;
"However badly whipped," he says,
"They ne'er gave back a foot."

A. T. WORDEN.

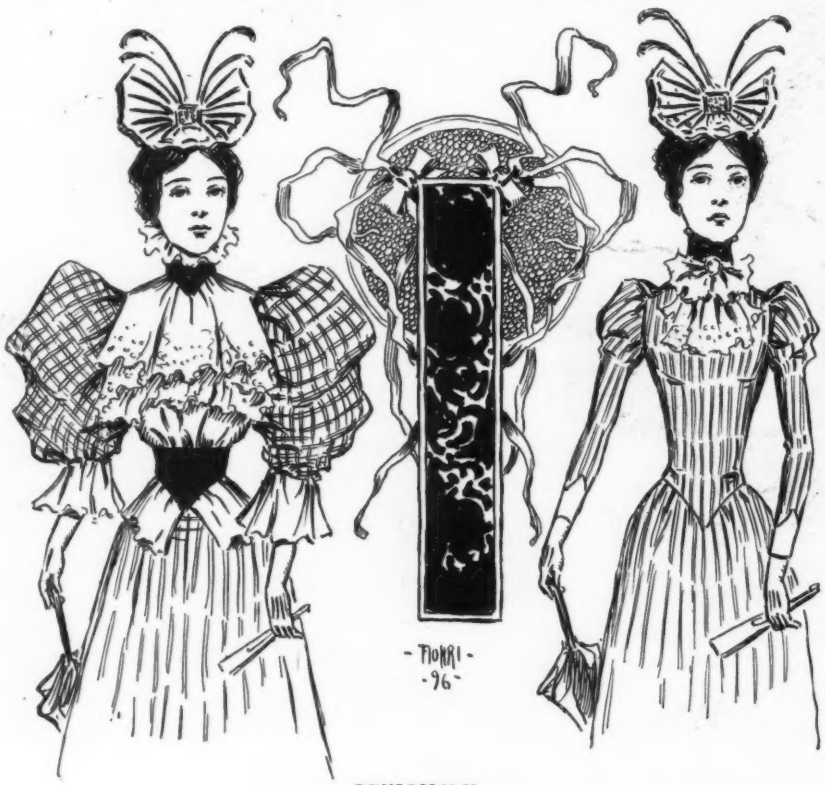
IN CITY-HALL PARK.

Patsy—"Micky! Micky! I got er job for yer!"
Micky—"Wot is 't?"
Patsy—"Shovelin' daylight inter a dark basement."
Micky—"An' I've got one fer yous."
Patsy—"Very much erbliged, but I cawn't take it; I've got er dead cinch whitewashin' coal."

YE CANDIDATE AND YE PULL.

YE CANDIDATE went forth to seek
For men who have a pull,
And of that kind, ye truth to speak,
Ye state was over full.

And yet ye candidate was sad,
And for man's grace did beg;
Because ye pull these fellows had
Was ye pull upon his leg.



OBVIOUSLY.

It has been rumored that many young ladies who were perfectly content with the summer style of sleeve for 'ninety-six —— —— are bitterly opposed to the coming style for fall and winter wear.

"I hate," said Mr. Tolliver as he vainly tried to get his straw hat over his head, "to get these miserable hats wet; they shrink so." Mrs. Tolliver looked up from the breakfast-table. "There was no rain last night," she freezingly remarked. Then Mr. Tolliver hastily perched his hat on top of his aching head and hurried from the house.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Life is so short. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* will help you to enjoy it. It aids digestion and will prolong it.

"This," said the stranger, pointing to the passing cortége, "is a very scantily attended funeral." "Well," said the resident apologetically, "you see the deceased was a base-ball umpire." That accounted for it.—*Waterbury Register.*

"I have been using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for some time. It cured my baby of a very bad cough. I believe it was the means of saving his life. Mrs. Thomas Hinton, Centreville, New Jersey."

"Miss Coldcash," said Charley Chumpleigh, "doesn't seem to be much affected by the hot weather." "What makes you think so?" asked his companion. "I met her on the street this morning and it hadn't melted her icy stare."—*Washington Times.*

You know that Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dealers who want to impose on you with spurious imitations.

If we have a cold October the pilgrims to the shrine of McKinley will do well to put on Canton flannel. If this remark does not suffer from under wear—well, what's the use of talking?—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

After mature reflection ex-Secretary Whitney has decided that "life's grand sweet song" deserves an encore.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

BABY'S LOGIC.

To-day I asked my mamma if I could whittle—
Yes, I did.
"Oh, no, my girlie," said she; "you're too little"—
So she did.

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe
I cried, I did.
She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so"—
That's what she did.

Why can't I cry if I am little?
Or if I'm big why can't I whittle?
—*St. Louis Republic.*

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No city man was he. A little village
Near Boston was his home, and garden tillage
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On abstruse themes like nebulæ and vapors,
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Penology, the higher mathematics,
Crime's causes and effects, likewise its curing,
Reforms—how rendered certain and enduring.
So very wide his range and erudition
His mind embraced all ranks and each condition;
And as his wisdom paralleled his learning,
Whate'er he wrote set thoughtful people yearning
To read and ponder more from such a master—
A modern Solon—nay, a Zoroaster!
They wondered even down at Harvard college
How one small head could carry all his knowledge.
A special curative he had for thieving:
He held—and there is ground for his believing—
That those who live and thrive by deeds improper
Surpass in intellect the average "copper"
Who collars them. His mode was to procure them
Square work, with greater gains, and thereby cure them.
That New York needs just such a man a fact is;
So he was asked to put his plan in practice.
He came, but hadn't been in town an hour
Ere he was in the bunco gentry's power.
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—*George Moss in the Commercial Travelers' Home Magazine.*

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When the English philanthopists perceive the apathy with which the news of Spanish outrages in Cuba is received in the United States they will comprehend how impossible it is for this country to help England in the Armenian business.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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every man commits a crime against common sense if he does not wear the **Genuine Guyot Suspenders.** All imitations are frauds. Send 50 cents for sample pair to OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y.

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Everywhere.

Evans'

The cruel newspapers are publishing the horrid story that a sweet-girl graduate in a neighboring town read an essay on physiology, in which she said, "The human body is divided into three parts—the head, the chist and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and the brains, if any. The chist contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there is five—a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."—*La Moure Chronicle.*

Mamma (to Willie, who is sliding down the cellar-door)—"Willie, what are you doing?" *Willie*—"Makin' a pair o' pants fur a poor orphan boy."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

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—*New York Dispatch.*

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—*Pick-Me-Up.*

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Over 1,000,000 boxes sold. 300,000 cures prove its power to destroy the desire for tobacco in any form. No-to-bac is the greatest nerve-food in the world. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days and it never fails to make the weak impotent man strong, vigorous and magnetic. Just try a box. You will be delighted. We expect you to believe what we say, for a cure is absolutely guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Send for our booklet "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee and free sample. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 123

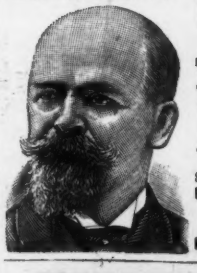
PILES DR. WILLIAMS' INDIAN PILE OINTMENT Is a SURE CURE for all kinds of PILES. Gives instant relief. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1.00 per box.
WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

We know that Cod-liver Oil is a fat-forming food because takers of it gain rapidly in weight under its use and the whole body receives vital force. When prepared as in Scott's Emulsion, it is quickly and easily changed into the tissues of the body. As your doctor would say, "it is easily assimilated." Perhaps you are suffering from fat starvation. You take fat enough with your food, but it either isn't the right kind, or it isn't digested. You need fat prepared for you, as in Scott's Emulsion.

"Now you wouldn't believe, to look at him, that that man was a judge, would you?" "I don't know as I'd pick him out for a judge, but a glance at his nose would be sufficient to convince me that he had something to do with the bar."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Beeman's— THE ORIGINAL **Pepsin Gum**



CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
The Perfection of Chewing Gum
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
22 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

BLANK BOOKS All kinds kept in stock and made to order by
FINDLER & WIBEL,
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LEADING HOTELS.

[We recommend all hotels advertised in JUDGE.]

NEW YORK CITY. Grand Union Hotel, EUROPEAN PLAN (Opposite Grand Central Depot, 42d st.), New York. *Rooms $1 a day and upwards. Baggage to and from Grand Central depot free.*

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OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
Nos. 31, 33, 35 and 37 East Houston Street, Puck Building, Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

Judge

CHOLLY FIRSTRUSH (*angrily, as the brick bounds off his head*)—"Confound these careless masons! I really believe my hat will be ruined."

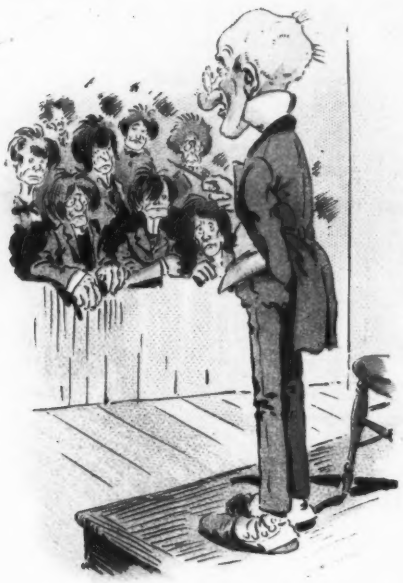
TOBACCO NOTE—Genuine Yale mixture.

"Don't amount ter a hill o' beans (*splash!*) all you larn't at college (*swash!*), but I'll git some good out'n yer."

"Wa-al, by gum! Heer I've been payin' aout money a-gittin' yer eddicated at an agricultooral collidge ter grow things, and I'll be darned ef ye've larn't a pesky thing but haow ter grow long hair."

FAT LADY (*jealously*)—"What seems to be the great attraction? The Circassian girl is creating quite a sensation among those chappies and selling her photographs like hot cakes."

SKELETON DUDE (*enviously*)—"It's a visiting foot-ball team."



COLLEGE PROFESSOR NITLOCKS—"Gentlemen, I am sorry to interfere with your athletics, but it is imperative. You will all report next class with your hair cut, in order that I may get some learning in your heads."

"Take hold of my hair, miss, and I'll save you; this is where athletics and long hair come into play."

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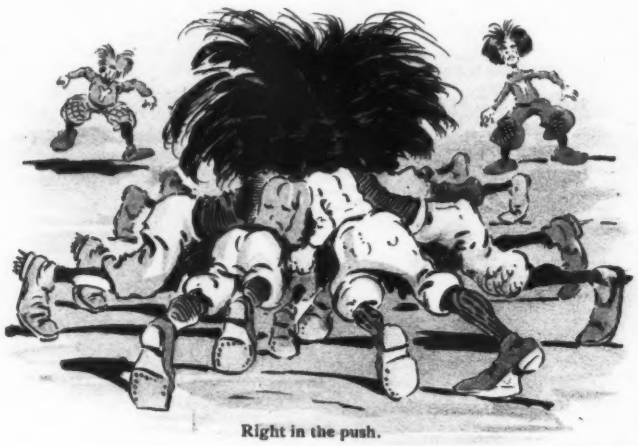

Right in the push.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co. New York

FUNNY FOOT-BALL FOLKS.